

THE QUIVER

Saturday, August 4, 1856.



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"They pumped and pumped away till they were weary."—p. 734.

THE TRAWLERS: A TALE OF THE NORTH SEA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, AUTHOR OF "PETER THE WHALER," "TRUE BLUE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

A FLEET of a hundred vessels or more lay together, dotting the surface of the German Ocean, or North Sea, as it is more generally called, upwards of 300 miles from the English shore.

VOL. I.

They were mostly luggers, of from sixty to eighty tons; each with a crew of from seven to nine men. These vessels formed a part of the North Sea fishing fleet, chiefly belonging to Great Yarmouth and

the adjacent ports, engaged in trawling for turbot, soles, brill, and other flat fish, for the supply of the London market.

They had been out there for nearly three weeks, their wants being supplied, and the fish they had caught being taken away from them, by several large cutters, which came out from Yarmouth laden with ice, in which the fish were packed, and thus conveyed to the Thames, or to the nearest railway terminus—thence to be transported to London, and dispersed by similar means all over the country. It was Sunday: some of the vessels had their sails set and their trawls down, their crews in their dirty week-day dresses standing ready to haul them on board. Other vessels, which had drawn close together, had their sails furled, their anchors down, and their trawl-nets hung up in the rigging to dry. A flag was flying at the mainmast head on board two of them. The device was a figure with wings, and an open book with golden leaves in its hand, on a blue ground, and underneath, the words "MISSIONS TO SEAMEN." These two vessels were somewhat apart, and boats from the others were pulling towards them. On board one of the other vessels—the *Sea-gull*—the crew were collected on deck, in their clean clothing, may be not so neat and new as they might have worn on shore, however. The boat was alongside; the captain came on deck.

"Well, lads, who'll go with me to worship God with our fellow-Christians?" he asked.

"What's come over the old man, of late?" growled out one of the roughest-looking of the crew. "We used to do very well without all this praying and preaching; and I don't see what good it'll do us."

One or two laughed; but no one answered.

"You'll go, father," said a young lad, Robby Starling, addressing another of the men. "You can't tell what beautiful things are said; and then, there's praying and singing; it does one's heart good to hear them sing. Come, father; come."

"It's time to shove off, lads," said the old captain, looking round to see who would go.

Robby again pleaded with his father, who at length stepped into the boat with two other men, his son, another lad, and the captain.

The weather was calm and fine, so that it allowed of an awning to be stretched over the deck, under which seats were arranged for the accommodation of thirty or forty persons. The sailor missionary, who acted as mate of the missionary fishing-vessel, after appropriate prayers had been offered up and psalms sung, urged his hearers, in a loving manner, to accept the gracious offer of salvation while there was yet time.

All were impressed with this address; no one more so than Rob Starling's father and the other men from the *Sea-gull*. Before leaving the vessel

the elder Starling went to the missionary, begged him for his prayers; told him how heartily sorry he was for all his sins, and yet that he was sure his loving Saviour would wash them all away.

Notwithstanding the calmness of the morning, there had been indications all day of a change of weather; and just as the sun went down, the admiral (for so the most experienced captain of the fleet elected to that post is called) hoisted the signal for the vessels to return to port. As the fleet had a week or more to remain out, he had been unwilling to make the signal, though it might have been better had he done so earlier; but even the most experienced are at times mistaken as to the weather at sea. Those who had been trawling all day hauled their trawls on board; and those which had been brought up, lifted their anchors, and all made sail together.

Before midnight a fierce gale was blowing from the westward, shifting now from the south-west, now from the north-west, and creating a heavy cross-sea. The fishing-vessels took different directions. Some stood to the north, some towards the south, endeavouring, as best they could, to beat up against the gale; but they were quickly dispersed here and there, so that the seamen on board the *Sea-gull*, with which we have to do, when they looked out into the gloom around, could not discover a single sail near them. Dark seas, with white, foaming crests, rose up on every side, threatening to fall over on the deck of the little vessel, and send her to the bottom. Now she rose to the summit of one of them; now she sunk down into the deep trough between them; tumbling and pitching as if the sport of their fury. The lightning flashed vividly; the wind howled in the rigging; the waves roared, and ever and anon struck the vessel as if about to batter in her sides, sending the spray flying over her deck, wetting the crew (who stood holding on to the bulwarks or rigging) through and through.

There was a loud crash, followed by a groan: the mizen yard had parted, and, falling, had struck the old master, Captain Snow, to the deck. His men raised him up; he could not speak. He was carried below, where his injuries could be looked to.

"Robby, my son, do you and Bill Cuffe go below, and look after the old man; this is not a night for boys like you to be on deck," said the elder Starling, who now took the command.

The boys gladly obeyed. Bill Cuffe proposed turning into their berths to go to sleep; but Robby said, "No! we were told to look after the captain."

The men, by the sickly light of a lantern, examined the captain's hurts, as he lay in his berth but though they could not discover that any limb was broken, they soon saw that he was beyond their skill. They had, too, to hurry on deck to

help repair the damage to the rigging. Soon after Robby and Bill Cuffe heard the men on deck batten down the hatches; it was a sign that things were becoming even more serious than at first. The bulkheads below creaked; the seas thumped and thumped against the sides, and the *Sea-gull* tumbled and pitched about in every conceivable manner.

"What's going to happen? aint we all going to the bottom?" asked Bill. "What shall we do, Robby?"

"Do our duty, Bill, whatever happens, as the missionary told us this morning; and pray to God to take care of us all aboard here," answered Robby. We've now to try to help the captain; I think I hear him speaking."

The boys went to the captain's side. He had returned to consciousness. "What's happened, boy?" he asked: "I can't move hand or foot." Robby told him. "God's will be done," he murmured. "Your father 'll do his best—he's a good seaman. He went to service with us this morning. I wish all had gone."

While he was speaking, the vessel received a more furious blow; then there was a rushing noise of water overhead, followed by loud crashes and a few faint shrieks, and then the vessel seemed to bound upwards, and no other sound was heard but that of the seas which washed against the sides. The boys clung to each other in terror; something dreadful had happened, they had been long enough at sea to know that. They dreaded to ask each other; yet what could those shrieks mean? There were no sound of footsteps on deck; the movement of the vessel was different; she no longer went ahead, but lay tossed about by the sea.

"Boys, are you prepared to meet your God?" asked the captain, in a deep tone, making an effort to speak. "Pray with me." The boys went to him and knelt by his side. He tried in vain to lift up his hands. They repeated the solemn words he uttered. His speech grew fainter and fainter, then ceased altogether. A few faint groans followed, then there was an ominous silence. Robby held the lantern to the old man's face. The eyes were open, but all expression had gone.

"Speak, Captain Snow; speak, Mr. Snow—oh! do—do!" cried the boy. "He's gone—the captain's dead, Bill," he said, sadly, after waiting for some time and getting no answer. "How sorry father and the rest will be!"

The boys had not even then realised what had happened on deck. Again the lugger was wildly tossed about. Another heavy blow was followed by a rush of water below. It seemed to come in forward. They could stand the suspense no longer, but rushing up the companion-ladder, with their united strength they forced back the hatch, and looked out. Better had it been for them, poor boys,

had they remained in ignorance till daylight of what had happened.

The masts were gone; the boat was gone; the bulwarks were gone; and not a human being remained on deck. The sea had swept it clear, with the exception of the companion-hatch, which was low and unusually strong. To this they owed their preservation. Had it been carried away, the vessel must soon have filled; as it was, the fore-hatch had lifted, and allowed the water to pour down. Should it be carried away, the vessel would very probably go down. Mechanically drawing over the hatch again, they returned into the cabin, and sat down, sobbing and wringing their hands.

"Perhaps they're gone away in the boat," suggested Bill Cuffe.

Robby for an instant checked his tears, but immediately saw the improbability of this. "Oh, no, no! They're all gone! they're all gone!" he repeated again and again. "No one but us two and the dead captain aboard the craft."

"What shall we do, then?" asked Bill, after a long silence.

Robby looked at his companion earnestly before speaking. "Trust in God, and do our duty," he said, at length.

"Yes, but what is our duty, Robby?"

"I don't see that we can do much, as yet," answered Robby, "but trust in God, and pray to him. Yes, I've heard say that when people die, their friends go and shut their eyes: the captain's are open; let's go and do that for him."

Together they went back to the body, and while Bill held the lantern, Robby reverently closed the eyes of the dead man.

The *Sea-gull* continued tumbling about as before, now tossed to the top of one curling wave, now to that of another; while every now and then a fresh rush of water down the fore-hatch made the two boys dread more than ever that she would ere long go to the bottom. They dared not go on deck to see how matters stood, because they knew that if they did they most probably would be swept off it; so they sat down on the floor of the little cabin, and held on by the leg of the table, wishing that daylight would come and the storm cease.

The night seemed a very long one; so, indeed, it was. Wearied out, they at length both slept. How long, they could not tell, but a sudden lurch threw them against the side of the vessel, and they awoke, but with their senses confused, and neither of them able to recollect clearly what had occurred. The light in their lantern had burnt out, and they were in total darkness.

Suddenly Bill exclaimed, "Oh, Robby, where's the captain?"

"Dead," said Robby: "you haven't forgotten that, surely."

"Dead!" exclaimed Bill. "Oh, so he is, and

we two here with him alone in the cabin away out in the open sea. I can't stand it, I tell you. Where shall we go? what shall we do?"

Terror caused by thinking of the supernatural is especially infectious. Robby was but a boy. In spite of his better judgment, he allowed his feelings to get the better of it, and he began to tremble like his companion. This was but natural. Brought up as are boys of his class, who could blame him? There were the two lads, with their dead captain, rolling about in a leaky craft during that fierce gale out in the North Sea. They dared not go on deck; they feared to remain in the cabin: they crept over as far as they could from the side where the dead body lay. Not till Robby again thought of praying did he regain his composure. With the hatches battened down and the skylight covered over, daylight could not penetrate into the little cabin. The boys forgot this, and sat on, Robby at length again falling asleep, but Bill's fears kept him awake. After a time it seemed to him that the vessel did not tumble about so much; he was very hungry also, and he thought that it must be day, and as he was afraid of moving by himself, he awoke Robby, and together they groped their way to the companion-hatch, and unfastening it, the bright sunlight streamed full on their dazzled eyes. The sea had gone down somewhat, but still it washed over the deck, which was wet and slippery, and so they were afraid to venture on it lest they should be washed off. Robby looked around, in the faint hope that some one might be yet clinging to the vessel, but not one of the seven men they had left there when they went below remained. Then he scanned the horizon on every side. Foam-crested, dancing waves alone were to be seen. Not a sail appeared. Bill now cried out for food. They could venture to leave the companion-hatch off, and by the light which streamed down it they were able to hunt about for some. They soon found some cold meat and biscuit, and fortunately also a jar of water, and, with these things, quickly appeased their hunger. They had no fear, indeed, of starving, for there were plenty of fish on board, and an ample supply of provisions of all sorts, but the cooking-place was forward, and they could not venture along the deck to get to it. After their meal their spirits improved. Robby remarked with confidence that, as the vessel had floated so long through the worst part of the gale, she might still weather it out altogether. They could hear, however, by the rushing sound inside as she rolled, that there was a great deal of water in her. "We must try and pump it out," said Robby. To do that they must wait till they could get forward, where the brake of the pump was kept.

All this time the wind was falling and the sea was going down, and at last Robby thought that by working their way along the masts they might reach the forehatch. He led, Bill followed. The hatch was found partially off. Fortunately, it had not been altogether washed away, for, as it was, large quantities of water had got down and damaged everything in the fore-castle. Bill, again frightened by the damage the vessel had sustained, thought that pumping would be of no use.

"It's our duty to pump this vessel—and do so I will, if I can," said Robby, firmly.

The pump, not without difficulty, was rigged, and they set to work manfully. It was very hard work too, but it was satisfactory to see the clear water rushing out through the scuppers, and to believe that none was coming in. They pumped and pumped away till they were weary, and then went back into the cabin to lie down awhile.

They had now got more accustomed to the sight of their dead captain, so that even Bill did not object to passing the night in the cabin. The next day they again pumped away, and had entirely freed the vessel by noon. Having nothing more to do, their thoughts turned towards the possibility of reaching England. They anxiously scanned the horizon in the hopes of seeing some vessel approaching them. A sail was seen at length—they thought that she was coming towards them, but she stood away; then another and another came in sight; but their vessel was not perceived. Another night came on. As the sun went down, the sky again became very threatening. Before midnight the gale had returned. There was no compass below, so the boys did not know from what quarter it blew. Poor Bill began really to despair, and wanted to get into a berth and go to sleep till he was drowned.

"No, don't do that," said Robby. "While there's life there's hope; and, depend on't, God knows what's best for us."

The storm raged furiously, but the little vessel freed from water, and light as a cork, floated like a cork driven before it. At length the gale ceased, and the sea went down, and the two boys went on deck. The coast was in sight—they knew it well—they were off Lowestoft. Boats came off—the *Sea-gull* was towed into the Yar. It became known how Robby and Bill had kept the vessel afloat by pumping her out before the second gale came on. A subscription was raised for Robby and his mother; and, though he is very young, he commands a vessel of his own, still firm in the belief, which he endeavours to impress on others, that "God knows what is best for us."

SITTING IN JUDGMENT.

BY THE REV. FREEMAN C. WILLS, B.A.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—Matt. vii. 1.



THE first judging spoken of here is man's; the second is God's. Judge not your fellow-men, that you be not judged of God. Of course it means that you may not be unfavourably judged; therefore, to keep up the parallelism, it must be, form not unfavourable judgments. The reasons for this are—the injury you do by driving sinners from bad to worse, and depriving them of self-respect; our incapacity, considering the uncertainty of evidence; our ignorance of the degree of temptation, how far crimes are presumptuous and deliberate, and how much they are due to mental disorder; but chiefly the injury it does to our own selves—the cover it affords for self-deception on the one hand, and hypocrisy on the other. It is necessary that we should form opinions for our own personal guidance; but this we may do without any severe authoritative decisions. Harsh condemnatory judgments we should not permit, even in the secrecy of our own hearts; but the *perception* of right and wrong we cannot avoid. Christ himself knows the guilt of every soul; but he reserves the knowledge of it in his own bosom. The soft features of the Saviour have not yet darkened into those of the judge; his tears are not dry; his blood is not staunch; he is still out in the darkness over the wilderness, seeking for his straying sheep—now bringing home one on his shoulders with great joy—now lamenting one that has baffled all his search; still, he condemns not; still he says to all who are dragged before him by angry men, placed in a circle of malignant eyes, and pointed at by a hundred fingers, "Neither do I condemn thee." Not yet. As yet, I pray for thee; I strive with thee; I weep for thy falls; I rejoice in thy successes; I die for thy sins; I pour out my blood to wash off thy sin-stains; and for ever cast up my bleeding hands to God my Father and plead for mercy on thee. And we must take pattern by Christ. Conscious of sin infesting the very air about us, it should only make us pray more earnestly for ourselves and for others; and, above all, not pronounce condemnatory judgment, or cast the stone, as a signal for the rest of the world.

Why do we see those dark and gloomy looks which one casts on another—those judicial and condemnatory glances which seem to imply such an infinite distance between them? The distance indeed is very small between any of us. But instead of trying to win by love, as God does; instead of striving to soften the hard heart by kindness, and allure it back into the more excellent way; instead of beckoning

it into the garden of spiritual delights where no fruit is forbidden, these judges stand, like the cherubim, at the gates of Paradise with flaming swords that turn every way to debar the poor penitent's return. Is it not the most hateful trait of human nature that, though forgiven themselves, men would not that their brother should be forgiven?

Oh, look not with scorn on any erring brother or wandering sister! for God may yet forgive them; and they may be thy mates at the great feast above. Speak gently and softly of their falls—to mitigate the world's scorn, not to add thy stone to the rest—for Christ is speaking of them lovingly to his Father in heaven; and he is seeking them, and trying to be heard by them above the hooting of the world which is frightening them away, goading them on to more reckless courses, and drowning the Shepherd's plaintive calls.

Ought not every Christian to have in mind that great scene of judgment when our blessed Saviour was spit on and buffeted, and clothed in robes of scorn, and the hoarse multitude shouted, "Crucify him! crucify him!" and false witnesses rose up, and twisted his words, and laid to his charge things that he knew not? Ought not this to be a warning and caution to man not to judge any more? As the chief of the fathers exclaims, "He shall judge those who were his judges: he who was falsely accused shall condemn those who are truly accused; and they shall look on him whom they pierced." Be warned then against judging, lest thou also be judged by those whom thou hast condemned; lest those against whom thou hast made accusation should rise up and accuse thee in the judgment for thy harshness and severity. And, above all, do you not feel that in pronouncing judgment you are guilty of the worst hypocrisy? You are conscious of the same faults yourself, or at least answering inclinations, and therefore denounce them with tenfold severity. You relieve your conscience by condemning the wickedness that has dominion of yourself, but in the person of another. You are in the hateful position of one who turns evidence against his companions, by destroying whom he hopes to save himself. Besides, the process of judging assists the heart in deceiving itself. If we hate a crime in others, surely it cannot have a very deep root in ourselves; so we soothe uneasy consciences. But, above all, we deceive others. To denounce some one else is to infer your own innocence; to rail at a drunkard implies personal sobriety; to hurl scorn on the immorality, the dishonesty, the baseness of others, is to deny that we are capable of those vices ourselves. It is a dainty way of proclaiming our own virtues, to point

with fury at the vices which are their opposites. The safest place for the criminal is on the seat of judgment.

Perhaps, I am willing to admit, there may be another less criminal motive for judging. There is a stern, harsh kind of Christianity which really thinks it possible to correct our vices by denunciations, by exposing and making examples of us. A stern, Levitical kind of Christian is this; who, under the law of Moses, would have cast the first stone, with a will, at his nearest kinsman, or his own child. He would hunt men into heaven, a panic-stricken flock; and draw them to God by frowns and threatenings. He conscientiously believes that in exposing vice, and treating it with severity, he is doing his bounden duty. But, in truth, he has read the New Testament to little purpose. He has failed to catch that pleading tone, that persuasive manner—the accents of entreaty. He has not marked the bounty of promise and hope, and help, and offers of mercy; and has forgotten the broad mantle which God has promised to throw over all our faults and follies of the past, without which to enter heaven would be to perish of shame.

And similar to this are harsh judgments of other men's political or religious views. Let us be satisfied with holding our own, and acting in conformity. Sufficient is it if in the darkness from many points, and by various paths, we feel our way to the feet of the gentle Saviour—

"The figure draped from head to foot
That holds the keys of all the creeds."

And companion to that awful scene of blasphemy and rash, blinded folly, when man pronounced judgment on God his Saviour, should be another—the scene in which he, late their Saviour, shall pronounce judgment on men. One will prove to you

the incapacity of man's powers of judging; the other will remind you of the awful trial to which you will be subjected, in common with those you now condemn—where no one shall be exempt, not even the holy apostles and martyrs. No one in that awful moment will think of his neighbour's sins or his neighbour's condemnation; one dreadful question will engross every soul, "Shall I escape?" Can I stand, even though I have done my best, before the face of this tremendous Judge, from which the heavens are fleeing away? Then that judgment that swept your fellow-men, keen-scented as a vulture for its prey, shall no longer fly so widely, but shall settle down on your own heart; pray that it be not to gnaw and rend it for ever. You that judged others shall come at last to what it would be better you had gone to first—the task of judging yourself. And well skilled to judge, you will scarcely wait for the awful glance and the terrible words, the last you shall see and hear of Christ; but will turn away, self-condemned to the darkness without, weeping and gnashing your teeth.

When therefore you are inclined to judge a brother or a sister, call to mind that awful scene when you and the erring one shall stand together; and forgive, as you would be forgiven; be merciful, as you would obtain mercy. Would that that day were more in our minds, but it is excluded by the glare of the sun; only sometimes at night, when we waken from uneasy dreams, it rises before us, and we fall to praying and self-judgment, and then in peace we fall asleep again. And so only by prayer and self-examination we shall stand undismayed among the wild lights and shadows of the judgment, and see the opening of the books and hear the solemn voice of doom. To prepare for this is the business of our lives, and not to judge others, which is a task we may well leave to Him to whom we must all give an account.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



THE fitful moon pursued by clouds
Seemed hiding from the blast,
And shadows dark as destiny
Upon the abbey cast.

The darkest shadows that were shed,
Fell on the wall and roof:
From daylight, theft and sacrilege
Keep ever far aloof.

The cellarer and sacristan
Knew well the treasure vault—
That fortress clamped with grate and bar,
Safe from the thieves' assault.

The winds blew round the abbey towers,
And with a demon force—
The witches, high above the spire,
Were crying all "to horse!"

With file, and blow, and rasp, and wrench,
The thieves forced lock and grate,
Where mitres, bowls, and jewelled cups
And caskets, lay in state.

The king had left his crown and gems,
His robes and royal zone,
His gold and all his treasure chests,
His sceptre and his throne.

The rubies sparkling with fire,
The sapphire's azure gleams,
The devil spread before their eyes
In the broad, pale moonbeams.

They filled with diamonds pouch and bags;
They sawed the sceptres through;
They beat the jewels from the crowns;
They rent the orb in two;

They slunk down cloisters cloudy dim
To where the moon shone clear,
Dogged by the shadows gibbering
And many an ambushed fear.

They hid the gold beneath the mould
Within the garden croft;
And as they laid it ten foot deep
The screech-owl clamoured off.

They hid it in a weedy nook—
In furrows nettle-fraught;
With subtlety they strove to hide
The wickedness they'd wrought.

They sowed the hemp seed thick and close,
To hide the crafty theft;

And then, with faces pale and scared,
The secret spot they left.

Rain came with benediction sweet
Upon the flower and weed,
Soft sunshine fell with influence
From heaven to bless the seed.

Spring came—the hemp rose green and high,
Leafy and blooming fair;
Only the mole that burrows dark
Knew of the treasure there.

They often passed with velvet feet,
Those dark and stealthy men,
With sidelong look and pallid face,
Shuddering at human ken.

But angels' eyes can pierce the dark,
And, ere the autumn came,
Under the gibbet stood the thieves,
Branded with sin and shame.

The rope that dangled from the beam
Was spun from seed they'd sown;
The stem at last had sprung and flowered,
The hemp was fully grown.

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAPITOL, FORUM, AND COLISEUM.

HAVE, in the preceding chapters, given a general sketch of Rome, and of my impressions on visiting it. That was a work easy enough, but now the difficulty of my task commences, and I almost shrink from making the venture of a detailed account of a place so richly studded with the glories of the past. One would need to spend much time in Rome, and to make deep study of its details, and to master every foot of ground, before he would be qualified to speak as an authority upon a topic so vast, and so full of the choicest reminiscences of bygone days. I can pretend to no more than this—that I have seen Rome, I have trod its classic ground, I have walked its streets, I have visited the relics and ruins of its former glory; and all this has tended either to confirm or to correct the views I had entertained before from general reading and study in the history of that renowned and ancient capital of the world. Of course, it cannot be denied that a general idea formed beforehand from ordinary reading and education, is an immense help to a thorough appreciation of the place on the occasion of a personal visit. My early studies, my

more recent reading, my oft conversations with friends who had visited Rome, my remembrance of pictures and photographs of many of its local details—all these had prepared me somewhat in advance for an intelligent enjoyment of my visit. All I seemed to need was realisation.

I would recommend visitors to Rome to commence with the central point of all—the Capitol and the Forum. These two celebrated localities adjoin each other, and contain within their compass untold associations of the past. From the lofty elevation of the Capitol, looking east, is the rectangular area of the Forum, closing up with the Arch of Titus; and through the arch, and some five minutes' walk beyond it, is the Coliseum. From the tower of the Capitol may also be distinctly traced the seven hills of Rome, though these do not all appear as distinctly as might have been expected. Some of these renowned hills of Rome are nothing more than gentle rising grounds, scarcely worthy the name of hills. Some have also lost somewhat of their original height by the lifting of the original level of the city. Still, the "seven hills" are all distinctly prominent from the surface of Rome. The art-treasures of the Capitol are rich and rare, and almost all are rendered doubly valuable by

reason of their historic associations. Upon the staircase are the ancient maps of the city, embedded in the walls, some of them very fragmentary, and all of them more or less injured. Elsewhere are the mural tablets of olden times, containing the lists of the succession of consuls of the olden days. In a small semicircular chamber is the celebrated piece of pure marble statuary—the Venus of the Capitol, the fair and formidable rival of similar works of the kind, such as the Venus of Calypso, in Naples, the Venus de Medici, in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and the Venus of Canova, in the Pitti Palace. This fair work in the Capitol is supposed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Escolpos, a pupil of Praxiteles. In another department is the greatest of all great works in the art of statuary—"the Dying Gladiator," a perfect study in itself, representing the chagrin and disappointment of defeat, the agony of pain, the all but quivering lip, which is so chiselled as to give it (even in marble) the parched and bloodless appearance of approaching death; and notwithstanding the evident weakness through loss of blood oozing from the open wound in the breast, there is the remnant of manly vigour in the support of the body by the right arm, and the agonised pressure of the left hand upon the thigh. To think that all these elements and characteristics are combined in this one single figure—almost to the life—is, perhaps, enough to say in testimony of so magnificent a work of art. In the same room is the "Faun" of Praxiteles; also a bust of Michael Angelo by himself. We looked with some measure of interest at this last-named work, the self-executed likeness. The great groups, in bronze, representing the story (legend or history, as the case may be) of the first founders of Rome is worth seeing—the wolf suckling the twin boys, Romulus and Remus. This work of art was found in the palace of Cæsar, in the Forum. Here is also that exquisite mosaic, "The Cup of the Pigeons," which is copied (in mosaic) in modern brooches, so as almost to spoil the original by making it too common. This marvellous piece of workmanship was discovered in the Adrian Villa, near Tivoli; and so minute are its constituent parts, that 160 stones are contained within each square inch of its surface. It is the most perfect mosaic of its kind I have ever seen; it is, indeed, *factus ad unguem*. In the picture galleries of the Capitol are some fine masterpieces, among which I may particularly mention the "Ascent of a departing Spirit to Paradise," by Guido. Indeed, there are many of the works of Guido here—his "Magdalene," and his "San Sebastian," and his portrait of himself, &c. Good judges may indulge and discipline their art of criticism here by comparisons. For example, you can compare the "Magdalene" of Guido with that of Tintoretto, and the "San Sebastian" of Caracci with that of Guido. The "David and Go-

liath," by Romanelli, and the "Presentation in the Temple," by Barthelemy of St. Mark, are also deserving of special notice and mention. Take the Capitol for all in all—for its paintings, its statuary, its relics of a noble history, its own historic associations, and its splendid panoramic views of Rome—and, whether in its noble present or its nobler past, it must prove an object of intense and lively interest to the intelligent visitor to Rome. A steep descent from the Capitol on the right hand by a sloping carriage-road, and on the left by a noble flight of steps, conducts you to the Forum.

The Forum! How shall I speak of the Forum? Every square inch of its area is classic ground. Memorials and relics of the past are too thickly studded there to admit of a thorough realisation of all that it contains. At my first visit to the Forum I was puzzled; I came again, and was yet more puzzled; I visited it again and again, many times, and I have never realised it yet. For one thing, the Forum has lost its original level, and this hinders identification of many of its former glories. Then, the modern is somewhat mixed with the ancient, and this disturbs the mind, which, in the Forum at least, would seek for pure relics of ancient Rome, without the bastardy admixture of Rome of to-day. Besides, the ruins of ancient times are so closely packed, one can hardly understand how all could have stood there in their original completeness and perfection. And yet again, the mind is all this time struggling to grasp the idea of men and things as they once were, and of the actual public life—martial, social, and political—that was transacted on this spot, as the very heart from whence were propelled the pulses of Rome, and from whence proceeded the issues of the world itself.

The Roman Forum occupies about as much ground as the area of Trafalgar Square (considerably longer but not so broad). Within this space are thickly crowded such ruins as these: the triumphal Arch of Sept. Severus; the Temple of Fortune; the Temple of Concord (once the Senate House of Rome); the Basilica of Julius Cæsar; the pillar of Phocas; three pillars of the Temple of Castor and Pollux; the palace of Cæsar, now modernised into a palace of the Emperor of the French (!); the temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the temple of Romulus and Remus (now used as a church); the Basilica of Constantine, &c. &c. I need only to mention these in order to show some few specimens of the stuff the Forum is made up of; and to plead my apology for not entering into details which would require a large octavo volume to explain them all, my space being only for the results of "A Run-and-Read Ramble."

At the further end of the Forum from the Capitol stands the celebrated Arch of Titus, which



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"With file, and blow, and rasp, and wrench,
The thieves forced lock and grate."—p. 726.

spans the Via Sacra. The bas-reliefs in this arch are designed to illustrate the capture of Jerusalem and the carrying away of the spoils of the Temple, as trophies in the triumphal march of the conqueror. Still following the Via Sacra, we come in view of the Coliseum, with the Arch of Constantine on the right. We pass by the Fountain of the Gladiators, a mean and ill-kept ruin of the place in which the combatants of the circus used to wash themselves. We are now under the deep shadow of the Coliseum.

Among the glories of old Rome, and among the choicest specimens of the past, that which most impressed me was the Coliseum. My first view of this veritable Colossus of art was on the morning after our arrival in Rome, as I drove through the Via del Colosseo to the church of St. John Lateran. Returning from the Lateran I visited this great amphitheatre of Vespasian, the fame of which has filled the world. When I first came in view of this vast structure I was filled with admiration and astonishment. We were very near it, close upon its more perfect side, and as we drove under it, its massive walls stood like a huge Alp before us, showing the vast open arches beneath, the great dismantled windows above, and tier upon tier—five successive galleries—of solid masonry sheer up to a gigantic height. My readers have doubtless seen pictures and photographs of the Coliseum of Rome. All that I have ever seen of these, must have been very true to the original, for I seemed at once to recognise the structure, only I had no idea it was so massive and so large. It proved to be an enlarged edition of my most exaggerated conceptions, and abundantly justifies Byron's words—

"A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

I have seen the Coliseum in all possible aspects—by daylight, by full moonlight, and by (pardon the addition to the two great lights) the illuminated Bengal light. I have thus seen it illuminated by nature and by art, and I really know not in which of these I admired it the most. I fear I would run the risk of losing the confidence of my readers, if I were to say I admired the artificial lighting more than the natural. Still, let me say what I think and what I felt. My first visit was at noon, when the meridian sun was pouring its rays full upon the inner benches right down to the arena. We ascended, tier by tier, to the uppermost height, from which may be gained a magnificent view of St. Peter's, with a part of the Castle of St. Angelo. The full dimensions of the interior are also best realised from the upper heights of the building, the perfect oval of the lower level, with a series of covered trap-doors, which once communicated with the crypt below, and were used for lifting and lowering the cages of wild beasts, for

the cruel and inhuman "sports" of ancient Rome.

I also visited the Coliseum by moonlight, at the full moon. This was a unique and magnificent sight, and quite the sort of thing to inspire one, as it did Byron, with the spirit of poetry. Any way, it filled my mind with dreams and fancies; I felt inclined to lapse into a moonlit solitude, and to be sad and sentimental. It is required that visitors to the Coliseum by night should have an order from the authorities—generally, the consular authorities of different nations. I quite understood that our courier had provided an order for our party. If he did so, it was used by a section of our party who preceded us. At all events, our little company approached the main entrance without an order, and were proceeding to enter. The French soldier on duty instantly drew his bayoneted musket across our path, and forbade us to proceed farther. We tried to parley with him, and even condescended to "palaver;" but to no purpose. The man was dutifully severe and resolute. Our attempt was put an end to by the very sensible remark of two French gentlemen who came up at the same moment, who said to us, "You see, gentlemen, we are Frenchmen, and this is a French soldier, and he will not allow us to pass." We thought this so valid an argument, that we instantly abandoned our purpose, but only to attempt a strategic movement, by turning the French soldier's left.—The Coliseum is built upon vast arches, every alternate arch being open, and presenting access to the inner part. We therefore simply walked along the massive wall, and turned in at the first great arch, and in a moment we stood within the capacious arena. We also employed the guides of the place to conduct us to the higher reaches of the building, with burning torches which, albeit the splendid moonlight, were necessary in the dark shadows of this massive pile of masonry.

My next visit was on Saturday, the eve of Easter Day, on which occasion the Coliseum is illuminated with Bengal lights. I had observed during the day in the shops pictures of the building illuminated; they were highly coloured—red predominating. It appeared to me that the representation was a grotesque exaggeration; but I afterwards found that the reality exceeded it in colour and brilliancy. We had moonlight and artificial light together on this occasion. All Rome crowded to the Coliseum. Thousands entered its enclosure (2½ francs admission), and tens of thousands thronged the rising grounds and every other available spot in the vicinity. From within, the whole scene was truly grand; two military bands played alternately—one of the Italian Legion, the other of the Chasseurs. The moon shone forth in a cloudless sky, beaming down upon the scene. Suddenly, at a rocket signal, the whole structure,

as though touched by a magic wand, sprang alight—with red lights below, and blue and green lights above, which made the building look like a molten mass of flame and light. Ere long, the lights changed colour, the red filling the upper benches, and the blue and green illuminating the lower. A grand cross of flame also burst forth at the eastern gate, which continued for nearly five minutes its manifold changes. A rush was then made from within to the exterior of the building, to witness the external illumination, which, in its way, was

equally grand. All the massive windows, and arches, and corridors, and staircases were bathed in a flood of many-coloured lights, while the cheers of thousands rent the air with their acclamations. It was indeed a grand and glorious sight, never to be forgotten.

So much for the Capitol, the Forum, and the Coliseum—the three mightiest structures of ancient Rome. And now for St. Peter's, and the grand celebrations and ceremonials of Holy Week.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

A BIBLE BOUGHT.

UPON the high bank of downs extending towards the Needles, and warding off the storms from the south-western extremity of the Isle of Wight, stood a lighthouse. There were no cottages, no trees, no shrubs, no flowers near it. The fierce storms would have torn everything up, and indeed the lighthouse itself was built many feet thick to withstand the furious wind. You can hardly picture to yourself such a dismal home for little children, and yet the children of the lighthouse keeper were merry, light-hearted, healthy little people, caring nothing for what you think a lonely life, and employing their time scrambling about the rocks, gathering birds' eggs and samphire, both of which they sold to people who came to Alum Bay and Freshwater—though I think if the people had seen the children hanging over the great chalk cliffs by ropes, their feet fastened in an old basket, and the wind swaying them to and fro, they would have thought twice before they encouraged such a dangerous trade.

The lighthouse keeper and his wife were very hardworking, honest people in their way; but they never talked or thought of God. One would have supposed that, living where they did, and seeing the terrible storms, they must have acknowledged the power of God, and learnt to fear him whom "the winds and the sea obey."

But it was not so. God was not in all their thoughts; and when one of their children, Margery by name, having heard of the Sunday-school from a lady who came to see the lighthouse, asked them to allow her to go, neither of them would consent. Margery was disappointed, but not cast down. She asked again and again, until, at last, she got her father's consent; but then her mother would not give hers, saying she could not put decent enough clothes upon Margery to go among the village children.

Still, Margery did not lose hope. She sat down

and mended her frock so carefully, that, at last, her mother was touched, and said she might go; and all that summer the little girl walked to the nearest church, and took her place in the Sunday class, learning the story of the creation of the world by her Almighty Father, and its redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ; and all the week, when she was scrambling about the rocks with her brothers and sisters, she would be thinking and talking to them of the things she heard.

Sometimes, as she sat up on the rocks watching the setting sun, and looking at the great pillars of gorgeous light, which seemed to point up into the very sky, she would wonder whether the angels were going up and down, as they did on the ladder in Jacob's dream, or whether they only came at night, when the moon was shining, and the great silvery ladder lay across the sea.

When the winds were high and the storms thundered and shook the lighthouse, often appearing to make the very rocks themselves tremble, Margery would think of the poor sailors and the great ships she saw go sailing by every day. She could not sleep on these nights, but would lie awake, thinking of the ships and men at sea; and she would wonder why God made men so strong, and little girls such weak things; and how her father could turn and manage the great lantern, and show a light to save the poor sailors, while she could only lie in bed and cry. She would hold up her little hand, and think what a weak, useless thing it was, and wonder why God made her at all.

One very stormy night she had lain awake a long, long time, and had at last fallen asleep with the words of a beautiful hymn on her lips, which commenced—

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose hand hath bound the restless wave;
Who bid'st the mighty ocean-deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh! hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea."

Well, she had a dream that night, and thought she was playing among the rocks; that she saw a large ship come tossing about upon the stormy sea—the mast broken, and no one doing anything to help her; that she was driving right on to the furthestmost rocks. Suddenly she could see into the ship, and knew that the sailors were rebellious—that they refused to work and help themselves; that the officers were sunk down with fatigue; and, moreover, that the men had broken open the doors where the spirits were kept, and were thinking of nothing but drinking, and forgetting their awful danger. There they were, swearing and laughing, mocking the captain, and letting the ship drive helplessly to her destruction. The last had almost come. The captain made one more appeal, and met only mocking jests.

Just then, Margery thought she saw a group of children—they were the captain's—hastily lifted from their beds when the danger came. They were standing huddled together beside their mother. Suddenly one of them, a little girl about Margery's own size, sprung out of the group. She threw aside the cloak that had been wrapped round her, and climbing up near the mainmast, stood there in her white nightgown, her long, light, golden hair streaming in the wind. Her voice, clear as a bell, rang out above the noise of the tempest. She called to the sailors, bidding them listen to a story. "Once, hundreds of years ago, there was a ship on a great inland sea: the winds began to blow, and a storm came, so great that the waves broke over and over the ship; and the sailors, getting terrified, ran and awoke Jesus, who was sleeping. He told them that they ought not to have doubted God's care for them, and then rising, he held out his hand and said to the waves, wind, and storm—'Peace, be still;' and then the storm ceased, and there was a great calm. Jesus is here," cried the little girl, when she had finished the story, "here with us now, just as much as he was then with them. He can help us just as well, but he wants us to help ourselves; if we don't, we are killing each other: and the commandment says, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

The sailors had gathered round, closer and closer, and as she stopped speaking one of them shouted that they were ready to work. Then the captain gave the word, the men fell to with all their might, and the good ship was brought before the wind and saved—and that, too, all by the means, under God, of a little girl not bigger than Margery, who, when she woke, lay thinking and thinking of her dream, which was all so plain that she fancied she could hear the child's sweet voice, and whenever she shut her eyes, thought she saw her golden hair and white nightgown fluttering in the stormy wind.

All that day, as she played about on the rocks,

did she think of the dream, and how much God had put it into the power of a little girl to do; then, when evening came, and they were all sitting round the kitchen fire, after their supper, Margery told them her dream. They all listened very attentively, for she told it clearly, and as she felt it in her heart. When she was done, she saw her father had covered his face with his hand. When he took it away, he called her to him, sat her upon his knee, and kissed her, keeping her there for a long time; at last, when it was time for her to go to bed, he said—

"I'm going to Yarmouth to-morrow, Margery; do you want anything?"

Margery did want something very much; she wanted a little Bible, and she told him so, kissing him, and bidding him "Good night."

Next day the father left pretty early in the day, and Margery, who was thinking continually of her expected book, went and hid herself among the rocks, from where she could see the path by which her father must come; but it was growing dark, and there was no sign of him, so Margery went in to her supper, and they were all sitting round the table, when the father walked in.

"Here, little maid," he cried, holding up a parcel, "here's your book."

Margery opened the paper, and saw a nice Bible. He had brought some sweets for the other children, but they all clustered round Margery, asking her to read them the story about the ship on the lake, and the Lord who said to the wind to be quiet; and Margery opened the book and read, stammering a little over the long words, and putting them in more from memory than anything else. When she had done, and the table was cleared, her father brought out another parcel; this he opened, and showed another and a larger Bible, one with fine clear print, and great pictures of the ways and doings spoken of in the holy book. The children gathered round, some on his knee, some on the chair, some on his back. Patiently did he turn over leaf after leaf, reading a little bit here and there, to try and explain the pictures; but at last it was quite dark, and time for his night work to begin, so he promised to show it to them next day, and went up to the little room where the light was. He took the Bible with him, and, during the long hours of darkness and watching, he read the book.

Next day Margery saw that he had written upon the first page, "Bought because Margery told me of Jesus."

So you see that, weak and useless as the dear little girl thought herself, God had, in his infinite love and wisdom, made her the means of bringing his holy Word and fear into her home, and achieving the greatest work on earth—bringing the careless to a knowledge of God.

J. E. A.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 716.

"Forgive us our sin."—Luke xi. 4.

1. Felix	Acts xliii. 26.
2. O nesimus	Philem. 16.
3. Rehob's	2 Sam. viii. 3.
4. G eshem	Neh. vi. 2.
5. I ddo	Ezra viii. 17.
6. V ashti	Esth. i. 12.
7. E liakim	2 Kings xxiii. 34.
8. U zza	2 Kings xxi. 18.
9. S helom'ti's	Lev. xxiv. 11.
10. O thniel	Judg. i. 13.
11. U riah's	Ezra viii. 39.
12. R abshakeh's	Isa. xxxvii. 1.
13. S himshai	Ezra iv. 8.
14. I shmael	Jer. xli. 2.
15. N ergal-shar-zer	Jer. xxxix. 3.
16. S hallum	2 Kings xv. 13.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The rook which Jonathan to battle crossed.
2. The town where Amaziah's life was lost.
3. Within whose chamber Baruch's roll was laid?
4. What word a test of life or death was made?
5. Who of the maidens sent back had the care?
6. What youth was noted for his splendid hair?
7. Whose son the fourth king over Israel reigned?
8. Who for his safety sudden madness feigned?
9. What heathen woman was in Shittim slain?
10. Who in his sixteenth year began to reign?
11. Who watched the harvest months beside her dead?
12. The monarch to whom Jeroboam fled.
13. Whose prophecy at Tar-hish was fulfilled?
14. Before whose threshing-floor was Uzzah killed?
15. Whose bedstead long in Rabboth was preserved?
16. Where met Abimelech his fate deserved?

The Christian's duty 'mid all foes,
 What'er his earthly lot—
 Like Stephen with his dying breath,
 Bless, and curse not.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISGIVINGS.



MRS. GRASPINGTON was ordinarily on such good terms with himself, that his temper towards others was not very liable to be ruffled. From the altitude to which his egotism exalted him, he could afford to look down with a supercilious complacency upon others; so that his coming down in what his kinswoman Kizzy would call "a tough bit of temper" was due to some predisposing causes: and these, it must be owned, had been supplied only recently.

Besides being annoyed with what he called Clipp Junior's airs, he was also bristling with ill-temper and chagrin from a conversation with his grandson. He had, in his plain way, asked at the breakfast table that morning, "Well, Gilbert, are you making good use of your time? I suppose, by this, you're pretty sure of winning."

"Winning what?"

"Why the heiress."

"As to the heiress, sir, I should hate myself if I entered on the pursuit."

"W—hew! you would! and pray why?"

"It would be mercenary and contemptible."

"Why who and what are you, pray?—'mercenary and contemptible,' indeed! I suppose, Mr. Insolence, you mean to fling those two fine words at me, Tough Graspington."

Just as the colloquy had reached this nearly boiling pitch, it so happened that Mr. Clipp had called in, and with the easy assurance native to him, which was increased by some dim prescience of the subject of the dispute that he had evidently interrupted between the two, he began to descant on the pleasant party at his mother's the previous night, appealing familiarly to Gilbert, who had been there, telling the youth very particularly that Miss Clipp was well, and introducing Miss

Ormond's name in a style almost of appropriation that was intolerable to her guardian, who, however little he cared for her, was roused to intense interest by the dread that a monetary prize which he had mentally consigned was slipping from his young kinsman's grasp. He was consequently more than usually curt and angular to Mr. Clipp, and as soon as his business affairs for the day were concluded, had gone down to Rivercroft in the mood we have seen, by which, in reality, he only complicated matters.

He had ordered Gilbert to bring down some papers that evening, which would require Mrs. Tregabbitt's signature as well as his own—papers he himself might have brought, but he made them the excuse both for his remaining awhile, and his grandson's coming down.

Mrs. Tregabbitt was not a woman to be thwarted with impunity, and soon after Miss Ormond withdrew she had bethought her of a topic that she concluded would be annoying to Mr. Graspington, for she said in a tone of quiet remonstrance, "You have been too warm, my good sir; we are old friends, and should be able to talk these matters over quietly. As to this Mr. Clipp, it's absurd your jumping to such conclusions. Miss Ormond is very young yet, and the last girl in the world to be wooed and won easily—not she. Now I admit, if she was like Miss Clipp, who has not much time, we'll say, to lose, and is evidently delighted at her new prospects—"

"New prospects?"

"Yes, and though she's certainly a few years older, and some people think that a disadvantage, she'll make a good wife."

"Oh," said Mr. Graspington, half impatiently, as though the subject was one too completely uninteresting to engage his mind for a moment,— "is she going to be married? Well, so that she's not to be my wife, I don't care."

"Don't you? Well I should have thought if you did not care about this poor girl Edina, you would have been

interested about Gilbert. The future of your grandson and successor cannot surely be quite indifferent to you!"

Mr. Graspington seemed transfixed on his chair, and the widow evidently enjoyed his discomfiture, though she affected surprise at the tone in which he repeated the one word "Gilbert!" but no further explanation could be given; for while his kinsman was uttering his name the young man was ushered into the room, his comely face shadowed with anxiety, and the laughing ray fled from his honest eyes.

He had hoped, yet feared, that Miss Ormond would be present. A sickening dread of some detestably worldly speech from his kinsman being uttered in the young lady's presence always haunting him, and yet he felt a weary sense of disappointment when he did not see her. He surmised, too, with an uneasy consciousness that Miss Ormond's guardians were not harmonising; and he was glad to occupy himself with the papers, and avoid all that could be personal to himself. Mrs. Tregabbitt took the first opportunity that occurred amid the reading over a balance-sheet and the discussing some accounts, to say, "I thought you were intending to have a row on the river to-night. Did not I hear Miss Clipp say she would like it?"

"Miss Clipp!" said Gilbert in a tone of such complete surprise, that he coloured as he lifted up his eyes to Mrs. Tregabbitt's face; and all unskilled in the mysteries of the heart, Mr. Graspington looked sorely puzzled, being by no means completely convinced that there was no foundation for the gossip he had recently heard. Whether Gilbert was making use of his opportunities to ingratiate himself with Miss Ormond, he was surely not so foolish as to be committing himself elsewhere—of that Mr. Graspington longed to be confident. So that gentleman struggled to recover his equanimity, and suddenly remembering as the business matters were concluded that Gilbert had not seen his cousin, he said, graciously—

"My boy, I've had to exclude Edina to-night, for business is business, and young girls are always in the way—at least with me. But I don't like you to seem to neglect your cousin; you had better see her before you go. She was in the garden, I think, just now." As his grandson left the room, Mr. Graspington remembered with exultation how dependent he was, and rubbed his hands together exultingly as he muttered, "Not a doil for your chance, Miss Clipp."

Mr. Graspington was right in concluding that his granddaughter was lingering awhile in the twilight in the garden. She was not alone there, for Miss Ormond on leaving her guardian had rushed into the open air, and been pacing up and down to regain composure. Before she had overcome the hurry of her spirits, who should she encounter near the arbour but Mr. Clipp. On any other occasion she would have expressed surprise at seeing him in that place unannounced, and have had him shown to Mrs. Tregabbitt's presence, and met him there, if at all; but on this night, when he approached her, something of perversity urged her to continue to walk in the garden with him, and to feel flattered at the circumstance of his rowing over the river in his boat to make an evening visit.

Edina not being called to join her friend, had with-

drawn from her path, and was walking nearer the house, so that as her cousin stepped from the drawing-room on to the terrace, he met her at once. Some indefinable sense of companionship in sorrow made their salutation that evening more than usually kindly. Gilbert drew Edina's arm within his own, and inquired after her health in a tone of tender interest. His words were, however, interrupted by the sound of footsteps in the path through the shrubbery, and his question as to who was there was simply answered by Edina in the words, "Only Miss Ormond and Mr. Clipp."

Only Miss Ormond and Mr. Clipp! How much lies in one little word! Only! Oh, thou simple Edina, linking with the one dear name that of Mr. Clipp. And the latter was *only* just then crushing the hope that involuntarily dwelt in the depths of Gilbert's heart, and shutting out all sunshine from his future. He was proposing and being accepted by Kate Ormond—only that.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SLIP OF PAPER.

THREE persons left the garden that night with very different feelings. Mr. Clipp, who declined to see Mrs. Tregabbitt when he heard that Mr. Graspington was with her, leaped into his wherry alertly and rowed triumphantly away, watched by Kate as long as the twilight of the summer night permitted her to see him. He had won the coveted prize, and his excitement was something similar to that which a trader feels, who makes a successful speculation—intense self-complacency. But the tender gratitude melting the heart with generous self-abandonment—the noble wish to prove worthy of the crowning glory of a man's life—a true-hearted woman's love—the purifying influence of exalted and lofty emotion, kindled and sanctified at the altar of truth—he did not feel, for the simple reason that it was not in his nature.

Gilbert, who had not lingered long with Edina after the tidings she imparted, was walking up and down the side-path in the adjacent field striving after composure, feeling as if his limbs were stricken with too terrible a weariness to bear the burden of the heavy heart, that was swelling till it nearly suffocated him, anger at his emotions adding to his sufferings. He had learned in the supreme agony concentrated into a minute how much he had loved, and how deeply he was disappointed. Women obtain relief in their anguish by yielding to it, but a man increases his torment by struggling with it. The friendly darkness came down as he was wringing his hands, and condemning himself as a selfish, presumptuous idiot. Yet, a vague, undefined sense that his love was honest and true, and therefore not ignoble, kept him from absolute distraction—a terror, too, for her, the lovely and beloved—that she had taken to her heart one who would never know her value, added an element of increased tenderness to his thought of Kate, even when he was muttering to himself, "I must pluck up this desperate folly by the roots, and master it—I must—I will."

Kate, as she sauntered back to the house and sent word by Jessy to Mrs. Tregabbitt that she had retired to her room for the night, was certainly in no envious

mood. Scarcely had her lover—her accepted lover, left her, when her heart was filled with strange misgivings. Once in the shelter of her room, she tried to recall what had passed—to analyse her feelings.

All had been so sudden, Mr. Clipp's proposal had followed so immediately after her irritating interview with her guardian, before her indignation had calmed down—that in the hurry of her spirits she could not, on the retrospect, really comprehend the important fact that she had accepted Mr. Clipp's offer—was actually engaged to him. None of the sweet hopes and absorbing happiness which fills the young heart under such circumstances was felt by her. A terror that she had been precipitate—that with all her delicacy and maiden pride she had been too easily won,—a terror, too, that she had not the feeling of esteem and love for him, which alone justified a young girl's preference, troubled her.

Let the mind once admit doubts of this kind, and like a swiftly-rising tide they will soon surge above all other considerations. Before Kate Ormond had been an hour in her room she was enduring all the misery of self-condemnation—a feeling intolerable always to the proud and the pampered; and Kate, with her many excellences, was both: to her it was unendurable. It is very much to be doubted whether Gilbert, fighting as a strong man with his sudden torment, was really more miserable that night than Kate Ormond.

Then, too, she recurred to the incident of the lock of hair, and racked her memory to recall the time when her father had shown it. She could not be mistaken, there were, most certainly, included with it in her remembrance the tortoise-shell casket, the two or more rings tied together, as she now recollected, with a bit of black ribbon, and this now strangely recovered tress of hair. As the orphan girl took out the little memorial and wound it softly round her white and taper fingers, a deeper sense of loss in being motherless came over her than she had ever yet felt. A consciousness that there were many things in her character and training that a good mother might have remedied pressed on her mind, and its first result was the sense that her suspicions of Edina had been harsh and unworthy. Instead of thanking her for the evident kindness and care in restoring a relic that might have been cast away as worthless, she had in reality punished her young companion for the act, had made her feel her lot, not merely of orphanage, but dependence. She, Kate Ormond, who had secretly prided herself on her generosity, had acted meanly to a humble friend, as well as precipitantly to an almost unknown lover.

Such was the discipline, more wholesome than pleasant, that Kate's reflections inflicted. Ah! it is the beginning of better days when we find out our faults.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Tregabbitt had parted on rather better terms with Mr. Graspington than the character of their interview at first might have indicated. That lady was by no means desirous that her young charge should form an early marriage, that would, of course, bring her rule to a speedy termination; nor was she insensible to the fact that Kate in a worldly sense (and, perhaps, in a far higher sense also) might make a much more desirable alliance than with Mr. Clipp. Mr.

Graspington had favoured her with intimations that a heavy jointure to Mrs. Clipp was made payable out of the estate of Clipp Senior—that, in short, the property was, as Mr. Graspington said, tied up and hampered with so many mortgages, and restricted by so many conditions, that the son could only look for emancipation from the womankind of his family by making a prosperous marriage—a result which Mrs. Tregabbitt confidently assured Mr. Graspington would never be attained by him in that house, unless, as she said jocosely, he were to marry Edina, "Whom," she said, "by the way, Mr. Graspington, I may tell you, we can make nothing of. She goes peering and poking about, bringing locks of hair and such rubbish out of odd nooks to plague Miss Ormond, and she looks sometimes so white and scared that I'm sorry she came to us."

Mr. Graspington, who had his own sufficient reasons for accounting for Edina's paleness and gloom, said, significantly—

"Well, Mrs. Tregabbitt, I've had cause, as you know, not to like the girl. I say now, as I have said before, and shall say always, she's nothing to me; never has been anything but an expense; still, if I were in your position, or in Miss Ormond's, I should make her useful, keep her in her place, not bother her with questions, and avoid being at all familiar, and be patient with any little strangeness for a time. It will wear off—that is, if you don't take too much notice of it, or make too much fuss with her. I certainly think you do quite right in keeping her here at home. I never thought or meant that she was to be anything but a humble companion."

Mrs. Tregabbitt heard these rules laid down with some lingering of surprise, for she exclaimed, involuntarily—

"And you have no other granddaughter! Some people would think her pretty and accomplished. Mr. Christopher Graspington, they do right to call you Tough."

A complacent tightening of his thin lips was all the reply vouchsafed. He rang the bell to inquire for Gilbert, and was too absorbed in himself and his own success in having, as he phrased it, put a spoke in Clipp Junior's wheel, to notice that his grandson's face had lost its healthy hue, and a grey pallor had shed a look of weariness and gloom on every feature.

They returned to town without entering into any conversation until they were very near home, when Mr. Graspington, said, abruptly, "And you saw the girl?"

"Saw Miss Ormond, sir? No, she had left the drawing-room before I came."

"No, not Miss Ormond—though, now I think of it, she certainly was in the garden; I saw her there. Well, the girl, Edina."

"Oh, my cousin!—yes; and may I say, sir, that she seems unhappy?"

"Unhappy! what about, pray?" He turned round in quick alarm as he spoke. "Did she complain to you?—did she say anything, eh?"

"No, she did not complain; but I think she feels being so totally unnoticed by you, her only relative."

"Why, are not you her relative?"

"Certainly; but you, sir, have claims—that is, she has claims."

"Pshaw! sentimental stuff. Claims of relationship, indeed! I was flung on the ocean of life, to sink or swim. If I'd sunk there'd have been no one to care; I swam, and there was no one to help. I did without one or the other, boy, and so must she."

"Really," said Gilbert, stung by the bitterness of his feelings into anger,—"really, that poor outcast who died in Rivercroft boat-house could not be more cast off by the unfeeling world, than you cast off this inoffensive girl."

Mr. Graspington was silent from surprise. The young man, not noticing his look, continued—

"I wondered to find Edina cry like a child when I happened once to allude to that incident. I think she was mentally drawing a parallel between her own case and that of the——"

"What?" shouted Mr. Graspington, as if he had just regained his breath after a blow,—"she was drawing a parallel between herself—and that—and a—a vagrant was she? and I've educated her!"

Gilbert saw the error he had committed, and hastened to say, "You mistake, sir; I said nothing of the kind; she never said a word that could be so construed. I was merely uttering my own thoughts."

Mr. Graspington drew a long breath as if relieved, and said, "I advise you, young sir, to keep your thoughts then to yourself, and if you wish this relation of yours well, tell her not to grumble or sulk, for by all that's good, or bad, if I know her to whine about herself, or draw parallels forsooth, I'll pack her off again to her school in France, and keep her there. I'd do so to-morrow, if I thought there was any real foundation for your words. As you think so very, very much about the claims of relationship, be careful you're not this young girl's enemy—that's all."

There was something so utterly disproportioned to any offence Gilbert had given his grandfather in the latter's remarks, that the young man looked at him in astonishment, and wisely resolved not again to prejudice his cousin's cause by advocating it.

Recent incidents had made both night and her own room a time and place of troubled thought for Edina, rather than a calm haven of rest. From education and conviction free from all taint of superstition, still her imagination was impressed by that whisper of her own name, which she had felt certain she heard on the previous night. She would have been ashamed to have mentioned it, even if there was no special cause for silence; but the consciousness that, if her nerves were at fault, the reason of their disturbance lay in the painful family discoveries she had made, was sufficient to put the seal of silence on her lips. With all young people the readiest remedy for an evil that presents itself to their imagination, is change of scene; and just as her cousin Gilbert was yearning to enter on some career that would take him from the sordid influences of his grandfather's patronage and surroundings, so she was thinking, and wishing for a future that might remedy or compensate the present and the past. A remark of Gerald Oakenshaw's dwelt in her mind, and was recalled as she mused. "I have found," he said, "that we far more fatally deceive

ourselves by exaggerated dread of future evils, than we do by enthusiastic anticipations of future good. Faith in coming good is as needful to well-being in this world, as to salvation in the next." Even as she repeated the words, and involuntarily recalled the expression of the speaker's intelligent face as he uttered them, the thought of her parents rose like a black cloud that shut out all the future. The dead and the living equally stood between her and any prospect of happiness. What could she have in herself to compensate for the misery of her family connections? Ought not her secret knowledge that her mother was laid in a nameless grave,—that her father was a man of mystery (it might be crime—most certainly a man shunning the beaten paths of life, and treading in crooked ways)—ought not this to isolate her from those hopes natural to her age and sex? If she ever dared to love, what dower but disgrace was hers? At that thought she turned pale, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering before the mental vision of Gerald Oakenshaw, his calm intellectual face and open brow, where "shame is ashamed to sit," passing before her. Even the dreams of night, which restored her to the society of the only human being whose attentions had really been as delicate as they were gratifying, and who had unconsciously impressed her youthful mind, did not obliterate the bitter sense of a disgraceful stigma resting on and blighting her.

As she rose, more refreshed, the next morning, and was opening the fastenings of her half-glass door to let in the air and sunlight, her attention was suddenly attracted by a tiny slip of paper that lay upon the floor. As she picked it up she saw it had writing on it, and concluded it had been thrust under the door. It contained a single line in the form of a memorandum—"Urgent: the grave, 4 p.m."

No need of many words. She read it over helplessly as well as sadly. He then—this mysterious father—like a haunting presence had tracked her to her very room, knew not only its situation, but in this case had availed himself of what had been meant as a pleasant convenience to make the garden more agreeably accessible, to mount to the balcony and thrust in the writing. Why, if he feared detection, did he tempt misfortune thus boldly? If she, his daughter, shrank in ghastly dread from betraying him, could he expect that she had any power to prevent his being detected, or was able to help him if he rushed upon his fate? Surely a father's consideration for her circumstances as a dependant—until recently a stranger in that abode—ought to dictate his not involving her in any complication beyond that already so galling of the revelations he had made. She read again, "Urgent: the grave, 4 p.m."

The writer might be well assured that gloomy meeting-place would be instantly known, for the whole world contained but one grave to the excited imagination of the poor girl, who, as she read and re-read the brief mis- sive, felt herself drawn yet more and more into the folds of a mystery, the issues of which defied all conjecture.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—Ed. QUIVER.